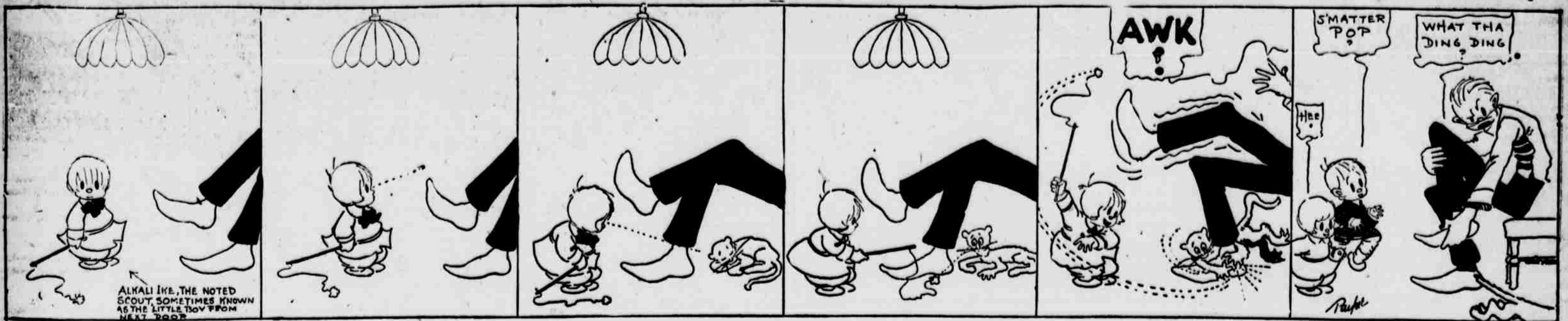


"S'Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

"All for the Ladies"
a Showy Show.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THAT spirit of self-sacrifice so characteristic of Sam Bernard (never mind the "glam-crash") was beautifully shown in "All for the Ladies," a comedy with gowns displayed last night at the Lyric Theatre. To quote the programme, it was "a comedy with music." But you can't believe all you see in a souvenir programme—bad luck to it!

Ladies in all the glory of the shop-window made the new piece a showy show. In the latest catch-word of the comedian who delights to speak with difficulty this seemed "permissible," though a bit hard on Mr. Bernard. He made the most of the best character he has had since Hoggenheimer. But in taking this character from the French Henry Blomont, whose sense of humor appears to be suffering from fatty degeneration of the originality that gave him his first successes, might easily have done more for one of the funniest men on the stage.

A made-over farce was simply thrown at Mr. Bernard's head like a loaf of French bread, stale in its humor and as hard as a rock. Although the victim of these circumstances did not find himself in a single funny situation he was funny in himself. As the German fitter of a Paris dressmaking establishment he turned his misfit English to such good account that he saved the night.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" exclaimed the lady who sat just behind me. But it was the display of gowns that aroused her admiration. Her enthusiasm could not have been greater if she had been attending a department store "opening" with an all-star cast of "models" to make it an artistic success. A mere man can only bow to her judgment and conclude that "All for the Ladies" is all to the good and beautiful so far as feminine finery goes. To the daily hint from Paris, however, may be added the humble suggestion that more elaborate musical trimmings would improve the "creation" at the Lyric immensely. Alfred G. Robyn ought to go to work at once and turn out a few more hand-made tunes.

For the best of the music last night we had to wait until the last act. The men joined in singing "Women, Women," very effectively, and then Miss Alice Gentry helped herself to the piano and sang "In Dreams Alone" so well that it would have been a crime to disturb her dreams. With her beautiful voice she put Miss Adele Ritchie quite out of the singing. Earlier in the evening Miss Louise Meyers sang "Cuckoo" and then proceeded to live up to the word. Stewart Baird looked as though he had borrowed his name, but sang as though he had a legal right to his voice. In purple velvet, Miss Margery Pearson had the distinction of being thin, possibly because she was consumed by a hopeless passion for the popular Mr. Bernard. It will not be his fault if "All for the Ladies" doesn't add to his popularity.

"The Drone" a Character Sketch.

A Daly's Theatre yesterday afternoon "The Drone" tried to repeat the trick so successfully turned by "Bunty" a year or so ago. This time Manager W. A. Brady gave us an Irish play with a dash of Scotch in its account—an account apparently true to the north of Ireland. Considered simply as a character sketch, "The Drone" is delightful, but judged as a play it is no more than "A Scrap of the Pen." It is merely a folk play of quaint interest and kindly humor, and as such it can have only a limited appeal in this country. Its value lies entirely in its homely characters, for the story that Rutherford Mayne has put into three acts is as far removed from drama as we are from the Emerald Isle. But heaven help you if you haven't a warm place in your heart for Daniel Murray, the lovable, unselfish old friend who lives on his brother while pretending he is working at an invention—a wonderful fan-bellows—and then saves his own flesh and blood from the clutches of a cold Irish mobster, with her heart and her wheeling ways, by giving her grumping brother his worthless invention in settlement of a breach of promise suit!

As the idle, shambling old fellow, assuming all the privileges of genius and kept keeping his brother John out of the folds of matrimony by his unassuming coming. Whitford Kane gave a fine performance. In its endearing old charm it was a performance that ranked with David Warfield's Music Master. Equally true to life was the Sarah Mollin—mean, selfish and officious busybody that she was—of Miss Margaret O'Connell. As the thrifty John, the suggested Arthur Sinclair, who did so much to make the Irish Players triumphant at Maxine Elliott's Theatre. Another good bit of work was done by Stanley Greshley, who made the stupid farm laborer a veritable Irish man-with-thee.

"The Drone" is of the soil—but unfortunately it is not of the stuff of which plays are made.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

The Man With Money.

"K. K." writes: "A man loves a woman very much, but will not be in a position to marry her for some years. If another man with money comes along, should the first step aside?"

Not unless the girl obviously wishes him to do so.

"A. R." writes: "A young man takes a young woman to the matinee and then to dinner, finally escorting her

home. He reaches her house at 8 o'clock. It is proper for him to stay for a call or about 10 to his own home and return later?"

If he is sure that the young lady hasn't had enough of his society, temporarily, he may stay.

"A. C." writes: "I like a girl very much, but haven't seen her for some time and haven't written. How shall I make up with her?"

Go to her and apologize for your negligence.

O. Heeza Boob!



The Man on the Road

By H. T. Batten.

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UP IN MAINE.

JUST had a very poor trip through Maine," said the potato salesman. "Up in Bangor I walked out to the public square on a Saturday night, trying to forget my troubles. As I drew near I saw a torchlight in a carriage and a crowd fighting for places near the man who stood in the carriage. Here was his spiel as I caught it from the edge of the crowd:

"Friends, I have stood on the rock-bound coast of Norway. I have stood in the smelly cities of far China. I have gazed from the snow-capped Alps into the green fields of Italy. I have viewed the scenery from the house tops of Jerusalem. But never, no never, have I beheld a more intelligent audience. 'I represent the Thirtieth Century Watch Company of New York City. We are going to send salesmen here to sell these watches to the dealers here. But before doing so we want to do a little advertising, and we want you men of intelligence and property to know about these fine watches. When I tell you that I can sell you a solid gold watch for less than you pay for an ordinary nickel-plated watch you will be amazed. Here is a watch you will carry and prize for a lifetime. I am not going to give you these watches for nothing, but to those with grit and a surprise to hand me I'll promise a surmise. Now, who has grit?"

"Only three 'coppers' gave him money. The man took out a large roll of bills and peeled off three fives. Then he handed each of the three a watch, his own five and an extra five-dollar bill. The crowd opened their eyes in astonishment."

"Some of you men were a little slow," said he, "and I am going to give every one another chance. Now, I promise another surprise to every person who hands me a five spot. Five horn-handed sons of the soil dug up the sum. The man talked a while about the glories of the watches and got six more. Then he counted three, slowly, and got four more."

"All you men meet me here to-morrow night and tell me what you think of the watches," he ordered.

"With that he drove away. About three minutes later there was an awful howl from the crowd. The watches were solid brass and the bills genuine—

The "Humanisms" Of the 365 Days

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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ND now Father Time chronicles another circle and Jan. 1 looms up in the foreground for the annual resolution.

Men will "swear off" (and swear on) for the hundredth time the USUAL habits that are made and broken every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. While it may be a very good thing to set a time for the BEGINNING of things, no one ever knows the end.

Whether a resolution is made for the protection of one's self, or by the advice of a friend or a loved one, it must bear the stamp of being made in the need of a correction of an existing circumstance that should not be.

To be able to ABIDE by one's decision is noteworthy and splendid. To give up something or to take on something and make a CONTRACT with one's self to that effect puts backbones into the individual, if adhered to, and makes for what he aims to be.

Yet the great strength in that backbone is maintained and kept secure if a certain line of action (made so by DAILY HABIT, by daily inclination) becomes rooted and is observed in the process of the everyday.

While the giving up of the drink habit or smoke habit or any other distinctly so-called personal vice is fine, yet the

"All you men meet me here to-morrow night and tell me what you think of the watches," he ordered.

"With that he drove away. About three minutes later there was an awful howl from the crowd. The watches were solid brass and the bills genuine—

Historic Hymns

By Frederic Reddall.

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No. 10.—"Crossing the Bar."

ALTHOUGH the fame of Lord Tennyson does not by any means rest upon his ability as a writer of sacred lyrics, nevertheless, toward the close of his long life he penned one of the most beautiful hymns in our language.

"Crossing the Bar" voices none of the negation of Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Rather may we read between its lines a calm confidence in a future life beyond this world and a supreme faith in the Great Pilot:

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems to sleep,
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home!

Twilight and evening bell
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

And though from out this bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

There have been several musical settings of this exquisite gem, but none more dramatic or suitable than that by the late Dudley Buck. Curiously enough, this music was composed at sea on a voyage from New York to Europe when the steamer on which were the composer and his family narrowly escaped disaster by collision with a sailing vessel.

The Coming of the Law

"THE TWO-GUN MAN'S" Greatest Novel

By Charles Alden Seltzer

Copyright, 1912, by the Ovington Publishing Co. grinned. "This Sheriff is going to act!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Forming a Friendship.

AT 3 o'clock in the afternoon Hollis closed his desk and announced to Potter that he was going to the Circle Bar. Potter watched him with a fond smile as he went out the door and placed the saddle on his pony, mounted and rode into the sunshine of the afternoon. The presence of the troopers in town had created a sensation and most of the town's citizens were gathered about the court house curiously watching Dunlavy and several of his men who had been taken into custody during the early hours of the morning.

Neither Hollis or Norton had been allowed to participate in the final scene, the little captain informing them cordly that the presence of civilians at what promised to be a free-for-all fight was strictly forbidden. And so Norton had returned to the Circle Bar, while Hollis had gone to Dry Bottom to finish an article for the next issue of the Kicker.

It had been in that bald, gray thro between darkness and dawn when Ben Allen and Hollis, riding at the head of the detail of troopers beside the dapper little captain, had arrived at the edge of the butte where Hollis had directed Norton to await his coming. Norton's only comment on seeing the troopers had been: "Where in hell did they come from?"

He told Allen that he had watched where Dunlavy and his men had driven the cattle, and that he would find them concealed in a narrow dell between two hills about a mile on the other side of the Rabbit-Bar. He and Hollis had announced their intention to accompany the troop to the scene, but had been refused permission by the captain.

The capture of the thieves had been quite a simple matter. In single file the troopers had descended the slope of the river, crossed a shallow, and clattered up the other side. A mile dash at a gallop had brought them to one end of the dell mentioned by Norton, and in a grove of fir-bolms the captain had ordered his troopers and swooped suddenly down into the dell, surprising several men who with Dunlavy were busily at work altering the brands on the cattle they had stolen.

There was a fire near the centre of the dell, with branding irons scattered about it. The stolen cattle bore various brands. There were perhaps a dozen belonging to the Circle Bar, several from the Pig Pen; other bore the brands of the Three Bar and the Diamond Dot.

Proof of Dunlavy's guilt had been absolute. He had made some resistance, but had been quickly overpowered by Allen and the troopers. Then with their prisoners the troops had returned to Dry Bottom.

Hollis rode slowly toward the Circle Bar. He was tired—dead tired. When he arrived at the Hazelton cabin the shade on the porch looked so inviting that he dismounted, tied his pony to one of the slender porch columns and seated himself, leaning wearily against the column to which he had tied his pony.

He sat there long, staring at a clump of nondescript weed that fringed the edge of the arroyo near the cabin, his thoughts filled with pictures of incidents that had occurred to him during his stay in the West. Nellie Hazelton appeared in every one of these pictures and therefore he smiled often.

He had not liked the country when he had first come here; it had seemed to offer him no field for the pursuit of his ambition. Certainly the raising of cattle had never entered into his scheme of things. Yet he now realized that there was plenty of room in this country for success in his particular industry; all a man had to do was to keep up his end until the law came. And now the law had come and he had been partly responsible for its coming. The realization of this moved his lips into a grim smile.

(To Be Continued)

Not Like Any Story You Have Read

TARZAN of the APES

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

WILL BEGIN IN NEXT MONDAY'S EVENING WORLD, JAN. 6